THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

LUXURY AND AVARICE.

There is perhaps no one vice more frequently, nor more sharply reprehended in the New Testament, than an inordinate love of the world; and I suppose, there is no one vice in our country, that more generally lets and hinders the growth of true Christian piety and virtue: and the prevalence of this vice is the more alarming, as the general conduct and suffrage of mankind seems to have left no degree of shame or infamy attached to it. It is no unusual thing to hear men, perhaps of every Christian denomination, who stand high in their respective congregations, acknowledge, without a blush or a heart-felt sigh, their delinquency herein: even the obvious branches of this corrupt Tree are but too often, by such, set out to public view as the eclat of their possessors.

There can be very little hopes, in a paper of this kind, much to affect the deeply implanted root of this predominant vice; nothing short of the powerful influence of divince grace can eradicate it from the human heart: yet possibly hints may be dropped tending to excite reflection in some, and in degree to mar some of the present superabundantly luxurious branches.

The very fine, as well as moral writer, J. Addison, in one of his spectatoral papers, has the following remarks: "When a government flourishes in conquest, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of Luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them, upon raising fresh supplies of money by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the Republic sunk into these two vices of a quite different nature, Luxury and Avarice; and accordingly describes Cataline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity." Then certainly it must apply to the present situation of the American states; "At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendour, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

"As I was humouring myself," continues our author, "in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

"There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other; the name of the first was Luxury, and the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness; he had likewise a privy counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering some thing or other in his ear; the name of this privy counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said, that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist,) to be a much more destructive counsellor, than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and, consequently, underminding those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted to-

wards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To this I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellor above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury promps Avarice in the place of Poverty."

The conclusion of this beautiful description, is not merely fable; but a truth open to the observation of every person of reflection, "That Luxury prompts to Avarice." Luxury, independent of its effects as an incentive to covetousness or Avarice, is indeed, directly opposed to the meekness of the Christian religion, which still teaches, as its divine author formerly taught, not to be anxiously careful what we shall eat, or what we shall drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed; but when we consider it as the principal incentive to Avarice and Covetousness, which, in the authoritative language of inspired record, is *Idolatry*, how ought we to be alarmed at its present prevalence in our country, in our respective neighbourhoods, and more especially in ourselves and families? Is it not time for the friends of virtue and religion, of every Christian denomination, to be serious upon this subject? To at least face about, and make a stand against the further progress of this prevailing evil.

I.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messrs. Editors,

By inserting the enclosed in your "Evening Fireside," you will oblige, Yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

16*th Aug.* 1805.

A SIMILE.

As yon fair lily op'ning to the view,
And basking in the sun's reviving ray;
Its leaves loose-rob'd by drops of lucent dew,
Doth higher fascinations still display.

It minds me much of some attractive maid,
Who, rich in beauty, and devoid of guile,
Looks lovelier still, in simple vest array'd:
And graces all with virtue's sweetest smile.

As the fresh dew-drops renovate the flow'r,
We see, delighted, brighter charms arise;
And thus with beauty;—virtue's magic pow'r—
Beams double lustre through the sparkling eyes:

Without the dew the flow'r must soon decay:
And without virtue—beauty fleets away!

LEANDER.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

The following piece on Industry was written by a very pious and exemplary young man, who, a few years since, was taken hence to those eternal mansions where well-doing is lastingly rewarded. Should you apprehend it suitable for your miscellany, please to insert it.

G.

Industry is healthful; it improves wealth, keeps people out of mischief, affords pleasure, expels grief, defeats want, makes plenty, and turns the heavy, dark and tedious days of the sluggard into lightsome hours of joy and gladness. It turns a heart of ingratitude and murmuring, to that of gratitude, thankfulness and praises to God, the kind giver of strength and ability to perform. O that my heart might be animated to an earnest pursuit after the happy situation of those who can say to idleness, depart from my dwelling; and to sloth, thou art mine enemy.—Arise, O thou sluggard, go to the ant, consider her ways and be wise. Read thy character in the poem.

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head
A little more sleep, and a little more slumber,
So wastes he his days and his hours without number.
I pass'd by his garden and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher.
I paid him a visit, still hoping to find,
That he some improvement had made on his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
Scarce e'er reads his bible, and never loves thinking.
Thanks be to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading

WATTS.

But see the industrious man, mark the example of the wise! the companions of his heart are, courage, zeal and love.—His soul praises God while his hands labour to support charity and good order in the creation: his bread relisheth, and the water he drinketh is pleasant: the evening shade brings him rest, sleep, joy and peace.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

On looking over the American Daily Advertiser of the 13th inst. I was deeply impressed with the numerous and protracted punishments our countrymen undergo within the doleful castle in Tripoli, where the solacing balm of commiseration is denied, and the endearing ties of friendship totally excluded. But when I take a view of the Southern States, of this boasted land of Liberty, the lash of the Barbarian is silenced, by the scourge of civilized Americans. I have often seriously pondered on the consequence of holding in slavery, and still importing the African race: and cannot form an idea of any thing advantageous to the country to ensue; but on the contrary, am fully persuaded that the blood of the innocent will be heard on high; and perhaps, in wisdom, they will ere long be permitted to avenge their cause. View the Island of Hispaniola—what depredations have been committed there—and what right have we to expect more lenient treatment from our slaves should they rise? we have had intelligence of a plot in Carolina, to poison all the whites, which, had not a superintending Providence in mercy defeated, with what alacrity would the contamination have circulated.—I will now pause, with the request for the slaveholders to deliberate on the sorrowful consequences that must ensue, if the abominable traffic in human flesh is prepersisted in.

VERITAS.

8th Mo. 14th, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Written at the Retreat; an admired spot on the banks of the Brandywine.

Shall Thames and Avon boast the poet's lays,
And shalt thou pass without the meed of praise?
What are their charms the world so much adore,
That do not smile delightful on thy shore:
While now I sit within this calm retreat
Of peace, and solitude the sacred seat;
While now I view with more than placid eye,
Thy lovely stream in majesty roll by;
List to the sounds which floating breezes bear,
In sweet melodious cadence to the ear:
I leave the world, with all its cares behind,
Lost in those charms which here delight the mind;
By them each anxious care is lull'd to sleep,
And the afflicted heart forgets to weep.
Oh! could *I* linger on thy tranquil shore,
And there unlock fond memory's burdened store;
Oh! could I ramble here without controul,
And give delightful freedom to my soul!
How would my thoughts on rapid pinions soar,
From present to the past, from hence to *England's* shore.
But unpropitious fate will not permit,
That I amid these charming bowers should sit;
That I should ponder o'er this lovely stream,
Think for a while all sorrow but a dream:
That I should here, find shelter from distress,
And find at last that life has power to bless:
I must away, amid the world appear,
Yet tho' I go, my heart still lingers here.

Written at the same place the following day.

Again, dear spot, I visit thy lone bower,
Beneath thy shade to pass the tranquil hour;
To catch with anxious ear the murmuring sound,
And gaze upon those charms which smile around:
Those beauties which at first so pleas'd my heart,
Have still the power fresh pleasures to impart.

I do not owe to novelty alone,
Those dear sensations which my heart has known:
Now when I look my mind with peace is fraught,
Lost in delightful luxury of thought:
What tho' thy blooming beauties now are seen,
Beneath the splendour of a sky serene:
What tho' thy stream in gentlest motion flows,
And the soft breeze with kindest influence blows:
What tho' the woods ring with the songster's note,
And sweetest sounds upon the breezes float:—
These charm my heart, but 'tis not only these,
That sooth a mind almost unknown to ease.
When this dear stream in icy chains is bound,
And every where stern winter scowls around!
E'en then the scene—would still have charms for me,
Since with my lot in unison 'twould be:
When desolation weeps on nature's face,
I can alas! a sad resemblance trace.

CLIO.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

If the following appears to you worthy of admission, please to insert it in your paper. I have had it in manuscript a considerable time, and I know not that it ever was in print.

G.

The celebrated Samuel Fothergill, in the course of his travels, passing some time at Scarborough, observed Admiral Terils attended several meetings of the people called Quakers in that place, and took particular notice of the solemnity and reverence of the Admiral's behaviour during the meeting, and especially in the time of silence. One morning after this, the Admiral came up to Samuel in the public room before manny of the nobility and gentry, and said, "Mr. Fothergill, I have a very high opinion of your people's principles and practice, especially the inwardness and spirituality of your silent worship." Samuel replied, "Admiral, I think such a testimony rather extraordinary from thee as a man of war, concerning us and our principles, which are for peace, and against all fighting." He then answered, "Sir, I am of your principles in that particular, and fully believe that the time will come when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more: but as every dispensation of unerring wisdom must have a beginning, so that has had among you, but has not reached us yet. And as to what you think of a union and communion with the Divine Intelligence, I know by happy experience, it is attainable in this age: one instance of which occurs to me. When I had the honour of commanding three of his Majesty's ships of war, as Commodore, sometime before the last peace was concluded, account was brought that five large French men of war were bearing towards us, all superior to ours in men and guns. A counsel of war was called. While they sat I retired into my cabin, and after getting into perfect silence, I heard in the secret of my mind, a language as intelligible to my understanding as any words ever were to my outward senses, "Go fight the French fleet, for I have delivered them into thy hand." I arose reverently thankful for his gracious intimation, and went to the counsel, let them know we would fight the French fleet, and that I was sure of the victory. All was made ready and we engaged. The event proved the certainty of the divine intimation,—we gained a complete victory, as is set forth in the history of that war."

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Composed by a Young Man, who had been deprived of his hearing by a spell of illness, when he was about nine years old.

In early days how blithe the moments past,
Each new-years day was happier than the last;
Unknown to sorrow, and serenely gay,
In mirth and frolic pass'd my harmless day;
Unconscious of the ill by fate design'd,
Fond dreams of glory, fill'd my youthful mind.

Now, sad reverse! tho' scarce to manhood grown,
Has dire misfortune mark'd me for her own:—
Lonesome I sit, of every hope despoil'd;
The sons of pleasure shun misfortune's child:
No more sweet converse charms my listless ear,
In death-like silence rolls my lonely year;
In careless apathy I pass the day,
With some dull book to trifle time away;
Or take a lonely walk, or pluck a flower,
Or mark the presage of a coming shower;
Or muse in silence and an absent mind,
And dream of pleasure that I ne'er shall find;
Or paint some landscape and its fair domain,
Or bounding vessel on the watery main;
Or pore upon the news with serious face,
And mark what slaughter Europe's realms deface:
Or, when the evening holds her silent reign,
And radiant Hesper leads the starry train,
I mark the moon, fair empress of the night,
Thro' Heaven's vast concave, spread her sacred light:
Or planets rolling in the blue profound,
Whose sparkling fires her silver throne surround,
That blaze eternal in the vast sublime,
And roll forever, from remotest time.
Thro' all the skies the gleaming lustre burns,
As earth revolving, on her axis turns;
While not a cloud o'ercasts the glorious sight,
And nature slumbers in the vaults of night.
This is reflection's hour:—the shining scene,
Sheds o'er my pensive mind a soft serene.

No more I mourn misfortune's blasting powers,
But, sooth'd in silence, hope for happier hours:
Perhaps e'en yet, the Almighty's boundless power
May crown my wishes in some happier hour;
May bid misfortune's blasting hand forbear,
Or grant me fortitude, his doom to bear:
Perhaps, e'en now his seeming cruel will,
By this preserves me from the paths of ill:
Then cease this strain: these useless plaints give o'er,
What Heaven has done is right; repine no more.

ARION.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

RELIGION.

Neckar, the celebrated financier of France, says, "The more we know of the "world, its phantoms, and vain enchant-"ments, the more we feel the want of a "grand idea to elevate the soul above "discouraging events, which continually "occur." When we come to experience what is the life and substance of Religion, then we have this grand idea, which will raise up our souls even in this life, to behold the beauty of holiness, and keep our heads above the surging waves of misfortune's element;—and at our passage hence we shall find it a support, as a bridge whereon the soul may pass with safety into that country of everlasting happiness where all arrive who "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly."

SIMON.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

I am far from being friendly to philosophical controversy or literary disputes, any farther than they tend to the dissemination of useful knowledge, and the investigation of unknown truth. A controversy may be so conducted whilst these objects are kept in view, as to be a source of useful information, and important invention; the ambitious desire of being distinguished as the most profound philosopher, or the ablest orator, will call forth the latent power of the mind into action, and produce the brightest fruits of inventive ingenuity; whilst the fear of falling a victim to the superior talents of the opponent, will form an effectual barrier against every error and imperfection which a sedulous attention to the subject can prevent. But when satire and invective take the place of reason and argument, and the parties losing sight of the point in question in controversial rancour and personal resentment, fall upon each other's characters and abilities with the warmth of *hostile combatants*, instead of being a school of instruction it becomes a seminary of vice and falsehood, and a source of detraction and misrepresentation.

It is not with any intention to controvert the opinions entertained by SPECULATOR respecting fluids, that the following queries, are proposed, but merely to excite a useful discussion of the subject through the medium of your paper: as

the opinions of Philosophers respecting *heat* or *fire* are various, and the arguments used to prove their positions inconclusive.

Is *heat** or *fire* (which we will use as synonomous terms) a distinct elementary substance, distributed throughout the infinity of universal nature, and forming an essential part of the composition of tangible bodies? or is it only a property of matter in general, when brought in contact with *fire*, or within its influence, to receive a certain motion or agitation of its component parts, producing all those effects which philosophers ascribe to a distinct elementary fluid?—May not this motion, produced in bodies subject to the influence of *fire*, be communicated from these bodies to other combustible matter, and by producing the same motion in it, effect the decomposition of its parts, and reduce them to their original elements, without the intervention of any distinct substance, exclusive of the bodies themselves? All which is respectfully submitted to the consideration of our friend SPECULATOR, and all those of your literary correspondents who may deem the subject worthy of their *deliberate consideration*, by, Yours,

ZETESIS.

8th mo. 12th, 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

The following lines of the excellent Cowper, may not have been seen by all your readers, and probably may prove sufficiently interesting to them generally, to entitle them to a place as a selection. They were addressed to a female friend of his, in the decline of life, and whose spirits and health, it appeared, had materially suffered, from the unremitting assiduities which she had paid to the unhappy poet, during the long interval of melancholy, which he passed through. So much gratitude, affection, and virtuous sensibility, as is here expressed, constitutes more merit, in the moralist's view, than even the utmost splendour of poetic dress can justly claim. "I question," says his biographer, "if any language on earth can exhibit a specimen of verse more exquisitely tender."—The name of this amiable friend of the poet, was Mary Unwin.

R.

TO MARY.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast—
Ah, would that this might be the last,
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disus'd, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly would'st fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'd'st the housewife's part;
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem,
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now, at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill;
In wint'ry age to feel no chill,
With me, is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show;
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

ON CARD PLAYING.

"Cards are superfluous, with all the tricks
"That idleness has ever yet contrived
"To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,
"To palliate dulness, and give time a shove."

COWPER.

A Gentleman in public company, inveighing against the prevailing custom of Card Playing, was requested to give his reasons for it, which he did in words to this effect: I will, said he, since you desire it, give you my reasons; first, in general, and then, in particular. I have observed that cards waste a great deal of TIME, which I esteem the most valuable treasure that God hath bestowed on us: In the next place, they exclude conversation which is the highest of all social pleasures; and lastly, they too frequently excite envy, repining, and ill humour. To be more particular.—In young persons, the habit of playing at Cards absorbs many of those hours which should be spent in improving the mind, and which, thus daily wasted, can never afterwards be recalled: by thus losing the opportunity of improvement, they become utterly unfit for proper employments, and of course fall into pursuits, unworthy of the stations they might have filled, and become insignificant in themselves and useless to society. With respect to the OLD: This humour of Card Playing is a most wretched example, and contributes greatly to ruin the rising generation: it removes that reverence which ought naturally to wait upon years, and renders that season of life disgraceful, which ought to be the object of veneration: It increases avarice, the too natural vice of AGE, and corrupts the heart, at a season, when it should to be employed in more serious pursuits. In a word, this is one great cause of that incapacity so justly deplored in our YOUTH of both sexes, and of that profligacy, which disgraces those in ADVANCED YEARS.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

If you agree with me in thinking the enclosed worthy insertion, you are at liberty to give it a place in your useful miscellany.—I know the writer, who is a young man of moderate prospects, but of considerable talents for poetry, and by profession a printer.

A READER.

ON TIME.

BY SELLICK OSBORN.

Mov'd by a strange, mysterious pow'r,
Who hastes along the rapid hour,
I touch the deep ton'd string:
E'en now I see his withered face,
Beneath yon tower's mouldering base,
Where mossy vestments cling.

Dark roll'd his cheerless eye around,
Severe his grisly visage frown'd,
No locks his head array'd,
He grasp'd a hero's antique bust,
The marble crumbled into dust,
And sunk amidst the shade!

Malignant triumph fill'd his eyes;
"See, hapless mortals, see," he cries,
"How vain your idle schemes;
"Beneath my grasp the fairest form
"Dissolves, and mingles with the worm;
"Thus vanish mortal dreams.

"The works of God and man I spoil;
"The noblest proofs of human toil
"I treat as childish toys;
"I crush the noble and the brave;
"Beauty I mar; and in the grave
"I bury human joys."

Hold! ruthless phantom—hold, I cry'd,
If thou canst mock the dreams of pride,
And meaner hopes devour,

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* *Fire* according to my ideas is properly the active cause or principle, and *heat* the effect.

VIRTUE, beyond thy reach shall bloom,
When other charms sink to the tomb,
She scorns thy envious power.

On frosty wings the demon fled,
Howling, as o'er the walls he sped,
"Another year has gone!"
The ruin'd spire—the trembling tower,
Nodding, obey'd his awful power,
As TIME flew swiftly on.

Since beauty, then, to TIME must bow,
And age deform the fairest brow,
Let brighter charms be yours;
The female mind embalm'd in truth,
Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
While TIME, himself, endures.

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF ORIGEN.

This learned and eloquent philosopher, commonly called Adamantus, (either from the firmness and constancy of his mind, or on account of that strength of reason which appeared in his discourses) was born at Alexandria, the metropolis of Egypt, about the year of Christ 188. His father's name was Leonides, by whom he was, in his early age, instructed in useful learning, and particularly in the knowledge of the holy scriptures, being obliged to learn a part thereof every day, which he not only readily performed, but likewise set himself carefully to enquire into the meaning of what he read, often questioning his father what was the signification of such or such a passage.

Having given him such instruction as himself was capable of, he sent him to perfect his studies with Clemens, who was at that time regent of the catechist school at Alexandria, under whom he made a vast progress in learning. From him he removed to Ammonius (called Saccas, from his having carried sacks; for he was by employment a porter) under him Origen made himself master of the Platonic notions, though not above the age of seventeen. At this time his father was imprisoned on account of his religion, and afterwards beheaded; in consequence of which his estate was confiscated. During his confinement, his son passionately exhorted him to be faithful unto death; and fearing, lest the deplorable condition in which his mother and brethren would be left, might have some influence on his mind: among other things he said to him 'Take heed, father, that for our sakes ye do not change.'

After the death of his father, both himself and the rest of the family were reduced to great straits; but the good providence of God interposed for their relief. A rich and honourable matron pitying his case, contributed liberally to his relief, as she did to that of many others.

Being now about eighteen years old, and having perfected his studies, he opened a school for instruction in the liberal arts; and notwithstanding his youth, his lectures were attended by persons of the greatest reputation for learning: in consequence of which, many eminent heretics were by him brought over to the true faith; for which some of them afterwards suffered martyrdom. And so great was his reputation, that before the age of nineteen he was made master of the school at Alexandria, and had numerous scholars; but finding his employment too heavy, he left off teaching the arts, and confined himself entirely to Christian instruction. This he attended to with the greatest diligence, and no less success: for he not only established those who were already Christians, but also gained over a great number of Gentile philosophers to the faith.

The persecution being renewed at Alexandria with great severity, scarce any one would venture to visit those who were in prison on account of religion; but Origen boldly undertook this office, and attended the martyrs to the very place of execution, embracing and encouraging them as they passed along, which so enraged the multitude against him, that they poured upon him whole showers of stones, and many times his life was in the greatest danger. Once, having seized upon him, they shaved his head, after the manner of the Egyptian priests, and set him on the steps of Serapis' temple, commanding him to give branches of palm to those who went up to perform their rites; but instead of so doing, he, with an undaunted mind, cried out, 'come hither, and take the branch of Christ!'

In order to a more accurate study of the holy scriptures, he set himself to learn the Hebrew language, which was very little understood by the Christians of that time; nor did this hinder his activity in his other employments, which he attended to with his usual diligence.

His fame increasing, a message was sent to Demetrius the bishop, from the governor of Arabia, expressing his desire that Origen might be dispatched with all speed, to impart to him the Christian doctrine. Accordingly he went into Arabia; and having performed his errand, he was afterwards honourably conducted to Antioch, at the request of Mammea, mother of the emperor Alexander Severus, who was desirous to see and hear him, that she might know what it was for which the whole world had him in such veneration. Having staid there some time, and explained to her the principles of religion, he returned to Alexandria.

Some time after this he began to write commentaries on the holy scriptures; his industry and diligence in which were incredible, few parts of the Bible escaping his critical researches. The knowledge he hereby acquired was so great, that St. Jerom professes, he would be content to bear all that load of envy which was cast upon his name, if he had but his skill in the holy scriptures.

Affairs of the church calling him into Arabia, he went through Palestine, and at Cesarea was ordained presbyter, by Alexander, bishop of Jerusalem, and Theoctistus of Cesarea. This was highly resented by Demetrius, as an affront to his authority: and as he had for some time borne Origen a secret grudge, on account of the great reputation which his learning and virtue had procured him, he now caused Anathemas to be thundered out against him, charging him with all that malice could invent. He procured his condemnation in two several synods; one of which decreed that he should be banished from Alexandria, and the other pronounced him degraded from the priesthood, his chief favourers subscribing the decree. And St. Jerom says, that the greatest part of the Christian world consented to his condemnation; even Rome itself convening a synod against him, not for any innovation or heresy, but merely out of envy, as not being able to bear the glory to which his learning and eloquence had raised him: and yet retained his priesthood, publicly preaching in the church, being honourably entertained by the more moderate and wise, wherever he came.

Being wearied out with the vexations of his enemies, he resolved to leave Alexandria; having quitted his school at that place, he opened one at Cesarea, both for human and divine learning, and great numbers resorted to his instructions; among whom were Gregory called Thaumaturgus, and his brother Athenodorus. During his residence here, he contracted a friendship with Firmilian, bishop of Cappadocia, who entertained a great kindness for him, and prevailed with him to go into those provinces for the edification of the churches. This

Firmilian was a person of great note, and held a correspondence with most of the eminent men of those times. Few considerable affairs were transacted relating to the church, wherein he was not concerned. Nor was Origen admired and courted only by foreigners, and young men, who had been his scholars, but likewise by the grave and wise at home. Both Alexander and Theoctistus, though ancient Bishops, did not disdain to become in a manner his disciples.

About the year 235, persecution being again revived, Origen was entertained by a charitable lady named Juliana; and to contribute towards the consolation of Christians in that evil time, he wrote his book concerning martyrdom; and while in this retirement, he applied himself to the collection and comparing the several versions of the Old Testament, with the original text. This work he divided into three several parts; the Tetrapla, the Hexapla, and the Octapla. In the first of these, (the Tetrapla) were four translations set one over against the other, Aquila's, Symachus's, the Septuagint, & Theodotion's.—In the second, (the Hexapla) these four versions were disposed in the same order, and two other columns set before them; first, the Hebrew text in its own characters; then in another column the same text in Greek letters.—In the third (the Octapla) were all the former, and two more versions added to them; the one found in a cask at Jericho, and the other at Nicopolis; these two last contained only some part of the Old Testament: and to make the work more complete, he distinguished the additions and deficiencies by several marks.—Where any thing had been added by the Seventy, which was not to be found in the Hebrew, he set an obelisk before it. Where any thing was wanting, he inserted the words with an asterisk, to distinguish them from the rest of the Septuagint. Where various sections were confirmed by the greater number of translations, he put a lemnisk; where two only concurred, an hypolemnisk. A work of this infinite labour, as well as of admirable use; alone sufficient to have eternized his name, and rendered him venerable to all posterity. St. Jerom calls him, on account thereof, *immortale illud ingenium.* What a misfortune it is to the Christian world, that this inestimable treasure is almost entirely lost!

Berrillus, bishop of Bostra, having denied the proper divinity of Christ, the bishops of those parts attempted to reclaim him; but all their endeavours proving ineffectual, the assistance of Origen was requested, by the strength of whose reasoning he was soon recovered from his dangerous mistake, and returned him hearty thanks for his kind endeavours in his behalf.

Origen, though advanced above the age of threescore, yet remitted nothing of his usual industry, either in preaching or writing: and Celsus, the epicurean, having wrote a book, in which he attacked the Christian religion, with all the virulent aspersions that wit or malice could invent, he returned a full and solid answer to it, in a piece containing eight books, and which bears its testimony to the greatness of his abilities.

The good success which he had had with Bertillus in Arabia, making him famous in those parts, his help was again requested, in order to confute the notion that the soul slept with the body till the resurrection, which had been then newly advanced; accordingly he went; and in consequence of his arguments, the adversaries were obliged to relinquish their false opinion.

Another persecution being raised by Decius; among many others, Origen was seized, and cast into the bottom of a loathsome dungeon, loaded with irons, and a chain about his neck. His feet were made fast in the stocks, four holes asunder, for many days together. He was threatened with fire, and tried with all the torments which a merciless enemy could inflict: and notwithstanding his age, and the weakness of his body, now worn out with continual labours, he bore all with great patience, declaring himself willing to receive the fatal stroke; but the judge, to give all possible weight to his misery, ordered that they should so torment as not to kill him.

How long he continued in this deplorable situation is not certainly known; but having regained his liberty, he employed his time in comforting the weak and disconsolate, writing letters for that purpose to different parts of the world; and after he had outlived the Decian persecution about three years, he peaceably ended his days at Tyre, in the year of Christ 253, aged 69. His remains were deposited in the church of the sepulchre at the place above-mentioned, where a marble monument adorned with gold and precious stones, was erected to his memory.

Thus we have traced through the principal stages of his life, the much admired and famous Origen. Certain it is, that he was a very extraordinary person; one of those rare geniuses that nature so seldom forms. He was endowed with a quick and piercing apprehension, a strong and faithful memory, an acute judgement and ready utterance; which were improved by all the learning which Rome or Greece could afford, being incomparably skilled in logic, geometry, arithmetic, music, philosophy, rhetoric, and the several sentiments of all the sects of philosophers; neither was his virtue and piety any way inferior to his abilities and accomplishments, his life being truly amiable. Such as his discourses were, such were his manners; so that he was himself that good man which he was wont to describe to his scholars: he had a high regard for the glory of God and the good of mankind, whose happiness he studied every way to promote, and thought nothing hard or mean that might advance it. He was modest and humble, chaste and temperate; so great was his abstinence, that for many years he abstained from wine, and every thing that was not absolutely necessary to the support of life. Singular was his contempt of the world, literally obeying that precept not to have two coats, nor wear shoes, going barefoot. And so far was he from covetousness, that he would not receive wherewith to supply his necessities. His diligence in study, writing, preaching and travelling, confuting heretics and heathens, composing differences and schisms in the church, were unparalleled. The day he spent, part in fasting, and other religious exercises; the night in the study of the scriptures, reserving only a little portion for rest, which he usually took on the cold ground. Thus exercised, he not only converted many Gentile philosophers, but brought them to be like himself. In a word, he was a pattern of heroic virtue, which all may desire to copy after, though few will be able to imitate.

[*Christian's Mag.*]

LIMA BEAN.

I conceive this vegetable to rank next to the potatoe in point of utility. It may be planted much earlier than is usually practised, and will yield, as it were, a succession of crops, until very late in the fall, when severe frosts will necessarily check its further progress—indeed the earlier this bean is planted the better, if the season is not too wet and cold, because there will remain a greater abun-

dance of ripe or seed beans upon the vines, after those which were green and tender are all used. This day I pulled a number of excellent ripe beans, perfectly sound, and which we used in soup, which gave a high relish to it, and also added to it a very nutritious quality. I observed a singular circumstance in plucking these beans: in one of the rows there stood a young peach tree, between ten and twelve feet high, up which one of the vines had run, on the top of which were collected a handsome mess of excellent beans, perfectly sound, which remained there all autumn and winter, from whence I deduced, that very long poles would best suit this species of bean, much longer, however, than are generally used; by which arrangement I hesitate not to say that our crops would be double. The Lima bean, in many countries, is only used after it has become perfectly white, and consequently dead ripe. In the Island of Madeira the ripe Lima bean sells extravagantly high. A young gentleman of respectability and credit, whose name I do not at this time recollect, informed me that he sold five bushels of them, well cured, that is perfectly dry and void of any rottenness or worms, for one quarter cask of the best Madeira Wine, which afterwards was termed "London particular," and which he actually sold for £25, the currency he did not mention, whether British or American. I know not whether I shall be considered correct in my suggestion, but my belief is, that this vegetable might, with proper attention and care in raising large crops of it, become an object of exportation highly advantageous to the farmer.

[*True American.*]

NEW PUBLICATION.

The religious members of the society of Friends, will learn with satisfaction, that there has been recently published in England, under the direction of the Meeting for Sufferings, a work on the Principles of Friends, which promised to be productive of extensive usefulness. The title is as follows. "*The Principles of Religion, as professed by the Society of Christians usually called Quakers. Written for the instruction of their youth, and for the information of strangers.* By Henry Tuke." There could not easily be conveyed a more satisfactory recommendation, than is contained in the following extract of a letter from Lindley Murray to a friend in New York.

"The design of this letter is to mention the little volumn accompanying it, which was composed by my very worthy friend Henry Tuke, the eldest brother of our beloved Ann Alexander. He is also an approved minister. I believe thou wilt be pleased with the book. It is on the principles of our Society, and I think is likely to prove a very useful publication."

This work being already put to press in New York, Friends may soon have an opportunity of examining and patronizing a publication in which their principles are explained and enforced in a manner peculiarly comprehensive and convincing.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.—At London dispatches have been received from St. Petersburgh, relative to the intercourse of negociation between that court and France. These dispatches are said to be of importance, but the particulars have not been suffered to transpire.

Intelligence was received that the Toulon fleet was certainly destined for the East-Indies. Bonaparte promising himself important advantages from a great diversion in that quarter. The information contained from the intercepted dispatches, it is said urged him to the adoption of this plan.

Another account states the French expedition to have for its object, first to seize the Brazils; secondly, to occupy the Cape of Good Hope, ceded by France to the Dutch; thirdly, to take by surprize the island of St. Helena, which is well known not to be fortified, with a completeness adequate to its importance. Masters of the Brazils, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena, as well as the Isle of France, they would possess the keys to all the British East India possessions, and the half-way-houses, if one may use the expression, of their India commerce.

According to advices from Lyons, a second naval armament is fitting out at Toulon, which is to consist of six sail of the line, exclusive of frigates and other armed vessels. The utmost activity prevailed at Toulon and all the other French harbours, to put the French navy on a most formidable footing.—They boast, that in less than four years the naval force will consist of 150 sail of the line. A body of troops is collected near Toulon, in order to embark on a secret expedition; and near Rochefort, a camp is formed for the same purpose.

Letters from Vienna, positively state, that the court of Russia has notified to that of Austria its determination to take no part in the present war; and that it consequently had refused the acceptance of any subsidy from England, offering however, at the same time, its mediation for the re-establishment of peace.

The latest advices from Constantinople mention that the Grand Seignior persists in his refusal to acknowledge Bonaparte as Emperor of France. The interpreter of the French Embassy had for some weeks been in possession of a letter from Napoleon, addressed to his Highness, but the Grand Vizier had not granted him an opportunity of delivering it.

It is reported that Austria is preparing to take a very active part in the affairs of the continent, and that the Archduke Charles and Gen. Mace are already appointed to very important commands in the armies.

According to advices from India, the British troops are likely to be successful in their operations. General Lake, it is said, has thus written to Marquis Wellesley.

"We are preparing to attack Holkar. All will be over in a few days. I have no doubt of the result. When this is done, our work will be completely finished. I hope to find here a sufficiency to reward the courage and hard toils of my gallant troops."

When the dispatches came away, it was understood that Holkar had no possible means of effecting his escape from Burt-Pore.

The incorporation of Genoa with the French empire has taken place on the following terms: "That the Ligurian State, without any partition, shall form in its whole a district of France—that the public debt shall be liquidated on the same principles as the French debt; that the port of Genoa shall continue a free port, with all the stores attached to it—and the laws regarding the military conscription shall not be applicable to the United Province, except to seamen."

At Milan Bonaparte, Emperor and King, seated on his throne with the Empress beside him—Generals behind and Princes before; legislators beneath him, and ministers on this side and on that—his Mamelukes filed here & his Italian Guards filed there—and numberless crowds gazing on the scene—received the fealty of the functionaries of his new kingdom of Italy—after which the eight statutes of the kingdom were read. The eighth respects exclusively the establishment of a military order, under the denomination of *The Order of the Iron Crown*, and is divided into five titles. The order is to consist of five hundred Knights, one hundred Commanders, and twenty Dignitaries. The motto is to be "*Dieu me l'a donnez gare a qui y toucherd.*" Two hundred of the order of Knighthood, and 25 places of Commanders, are to be conferred upon an equal number of those French officers and soldiers who distinguished themselves by their courage or zeal. The King of Italy to be Grand Master, but the Emperor and King, Napoleon, in consideration of being founder, to retain, during his life, exclusively the title and functions of the office.

The care of the monarchy is left to the wisdom of Eugene Beauharnois, who is to hold his vice-regal court at Milan.

A deputation has arrived at Milan from the Queen of Etruria, in consequence of some aspersions which had been thrown upon her character, for refusing to marry Prince Eugene Beauharnois, the son of the Empress Josephine.—The mother, it seems, demanded, in a letter, the hand of the Queen for her son. The answer was a polite refusal, on account of the youth of her young son the King, and a promise given to her relatives, the Kings of Spain and Naples, never more to marry. It is stated that Bonaparte has in consequence demanded an interview with these Princes.

The following is said to be the laconic answer of the King of Prussia to the King of Sweden upon the latter's returning the Order of the Black Eagle:

"J'ai recu l'Ordre de l'Aigle Noir done je vous a decore, et j'espere que cela soit la derniere preuve de votre etourdorie.

"FREDERIC GOILLAUME."

TRANSLATION.

"I have received the order of the Black Eagle, with which I had decorated you, and I hope this will be the last proof of your folly.

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

Prussia has not yet acknowledged Bonaparte's title to the Crown of Italy, notwithstanding the assertion of the French Journalists to the contrary. In answer to the letter of Bonaparte, announcing his acceptance of this Crown, Prussia only thanked him for his communication, and for the assurances he was pleased to give of his moderation.

A private letter from Paris, received by a foreign minister at London, is said to state, that an attempt was made to assassinate Bonaparte at Milan, and that he narrowly escaped. He was crowned at Milan, and wore an ancient Iron Crown with which the Lombard Kings were crowned, and when he placed it upon his head, he said aloud, "Dieu me la donne, gore a qui la touche."

Jerome Bonaparte, it is said, was presented to the King of Italy, at Milan, the day before his coronation, and received in full favour and grace. It is said he is to marry the Queen of Etruria. Jerome's wife is here called Miss Patterson; she was forbidden to land, and ordered immediately back to the United States. It is said, however, that she is to have a French pension.

The house of Reinhards, at Amsterdam, has failed for four tons of gold, or 400,000 guilders; this circumstance has had a temporary influence over commercial affairs.

DOMESTIC.—When we recollect the serious apprehensions which were entertained in the early part of the season, respecting the yellow fever, it is particularly grateful to observe not only our present apparent exemption from contagion; but also that, in those places where it had made its appearance so as to induce many of the inhabitants to flee from their homes, the alarm has subsided, and those who fled are returning to their habitations.

It affords us much pleasure to have it in our power to announce the complete success which has attended the proposed establishment of a BOTANIC GARDEN, under the auspices of the Medical Society of South-Carolina. We are informed, that, from the number of subscribers already obtained, a sufficient security is afforded of the completion of the design. The lot is now inclosing, and many valuable exotic plants have already been presented. We understand that a public meeting of the subscribers will be held early in the ensuing month, for the organization of the institution, agreeably to the rules heretofore published. It is confidently hoped, that persons who are desirous of promoting so valuable an institution in this city, will avail themselves of the opportunity of subscribing, previous to the public meeting, that they may be enabled to vote for such permanent arrangements as will insure to the institution the most perfect success.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Branch of the United States Bank at New-Orleans, on the 16th ult. *Benjamin Morgan*, late of Philadelphia, merchant, was unanimously elected President.

Stephen Arnold.—It will be remembered, that, at the last Oyer and Terminer in the county of Otsego, the murderer of a little girl, (whose peculiar sufferings excites such a lively interest, even at this remote distance from the scene of action) received his trial and condemnation. The 19th ult. between the hours of 11 and 2, was appointed, as the time of his execution. We are informed by a gentleman, lately from Cooperstown, that no less than ten thousand persons assembled on that occasion. Between the hours of 11 and 12 the prisoner was taken from the place of his confinement, with a rope round his neck, seated on his coffin, and conveyed on a cart to the place of execution. It was with difficulty that a company of artillery could sufficiently disperse the throng, to enable the criminal to pass; and it was with equal difficulty that a company of infantry, formed in the rear and on each side of the criminal, could secure him and the procession from the pressure of the multitude. After the procession had reached the place of execution, and the criminal had ascended the scaffold, prayers were attended, and a solemn affecting sermon delivered, by the Reverend Mr. Lewis. The Clergy, and others who were near the prisoner, then took him by the hand, and recommended him to the mercy and favour of his God.

The conduct of Arnold, ever since his arrest, is said to have been decent, and expressive of the deepest conviction of his crime. On this occasion, particularly, his conduct was such as to excite a very lively sympathy in the surrounding multitude. He seemed to

"Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
"Of that vast ocean he must sail so soon."

After the prisoner had made a short address to the people, and had informed the executioner that he might perform his duty, the Sheriff rose and read the reprieve, which he had received from the Governor after the solemnities of the day had commenced.—The criminal was so overcome with the emotions which this unexpected intelligence produced, that he fainted, and fell senseless from his seat. When he had a little recovered, he was re-conducted to the prison, with the same ceremony with which he had been conveyed to the scaffold. [*New-York Com. Adv.*]

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 3d to the 10th instant. Adults 27—Chilren 60—Total 87.

Deaths in the City of New-York, from the 3d to the 10th inst. Adults 17—Children 41—Total 58.

Interments in the burial grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore during one week ending 11th inst. Adults 10—Children 16—Total 26.

Interments in Boston from 26th ult. to 2d inst. Adults 6—Children 1—Total 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The estimable contributions from New-York shall receive that attention in our next number, which their late arrival prevented in the present.

AMICUS we are obliged to postpone till a succeeding number.

G.'s communications which do not now appear, are nevertheless not overlooked.

Cupid's Conquest comports not with our plan.

The zeal of MENTOR we highly applaud, especially in the cause he espouses. But his unadorned ideas must obtain at least a fig-leaf covering before they can come with propriety before readers of delicacy and refinement.

The WOODMAN has presented us with a picture almost too good for the *Pigeon hole*, yet not quite fit for the E. F.

Still PRODIGAL COCK-UP, thou art not *quite* the thing.

AVERNO's piece, as conversation, might have agreeably beguiled the way; but as poetry it is not fitted to grace the E. F.

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